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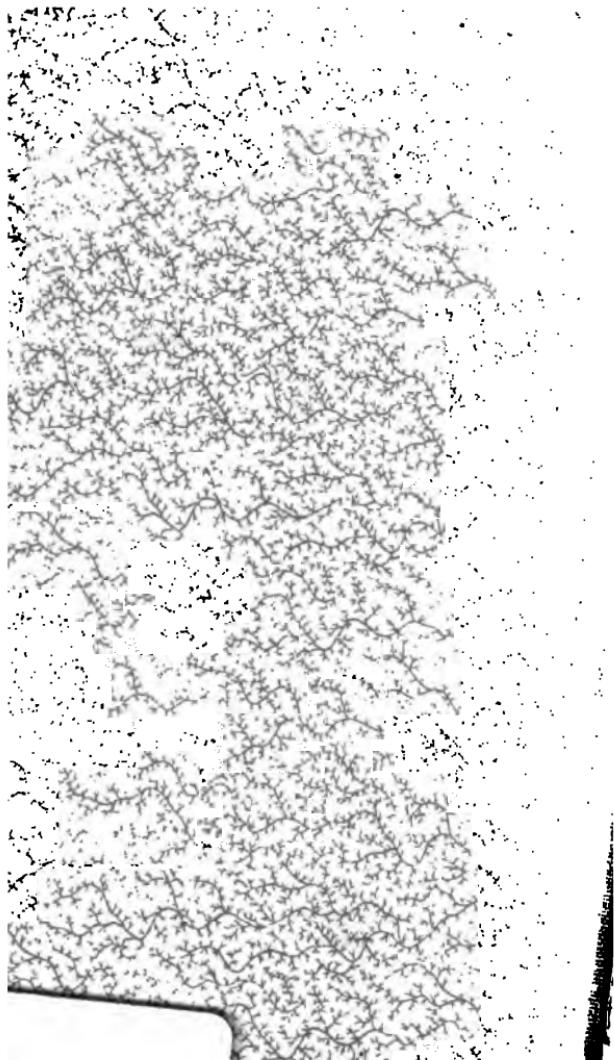
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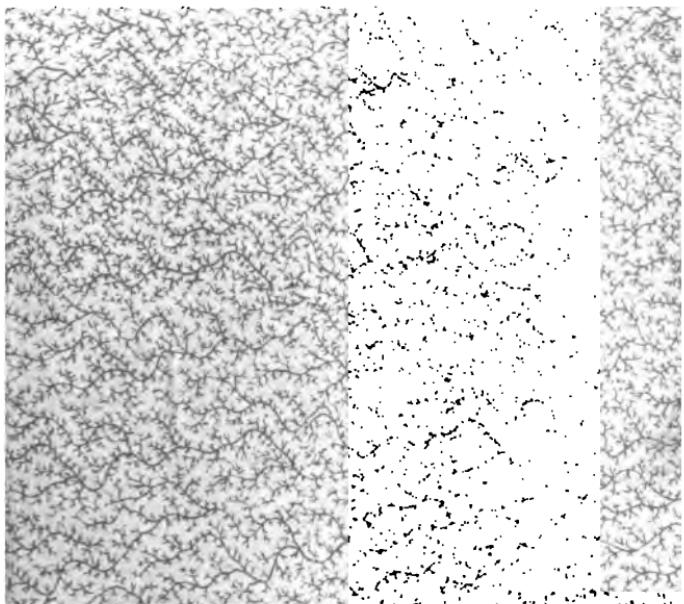
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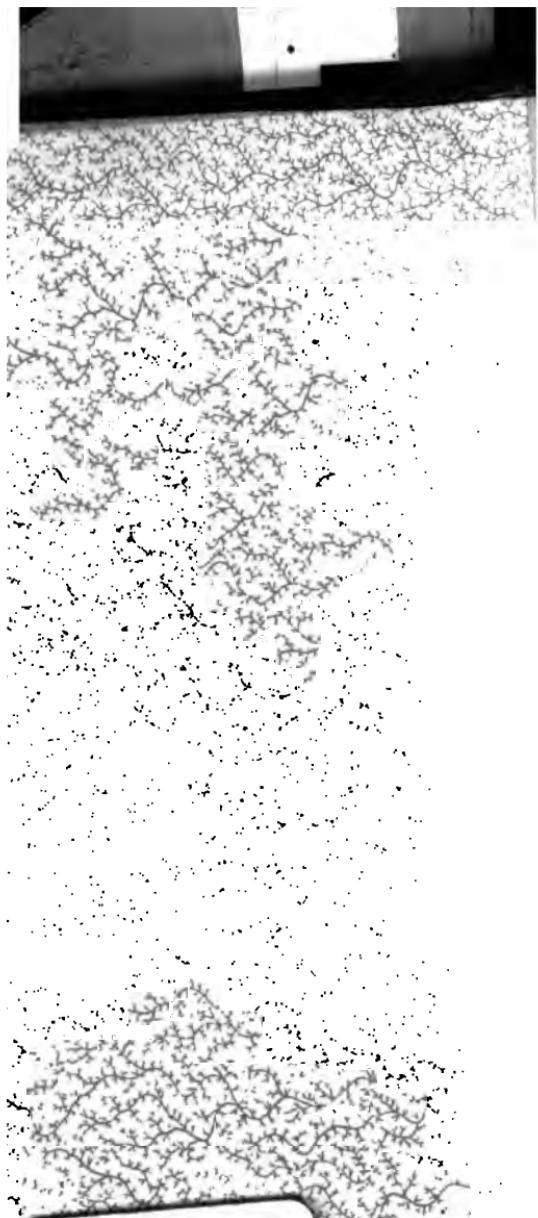
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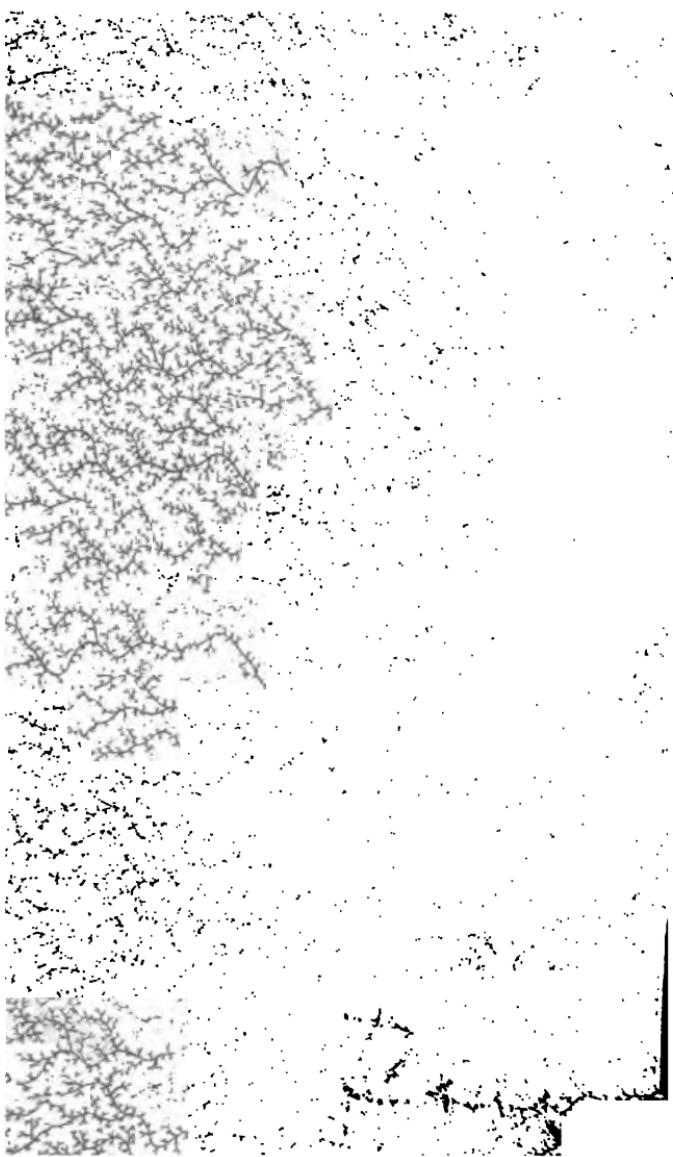


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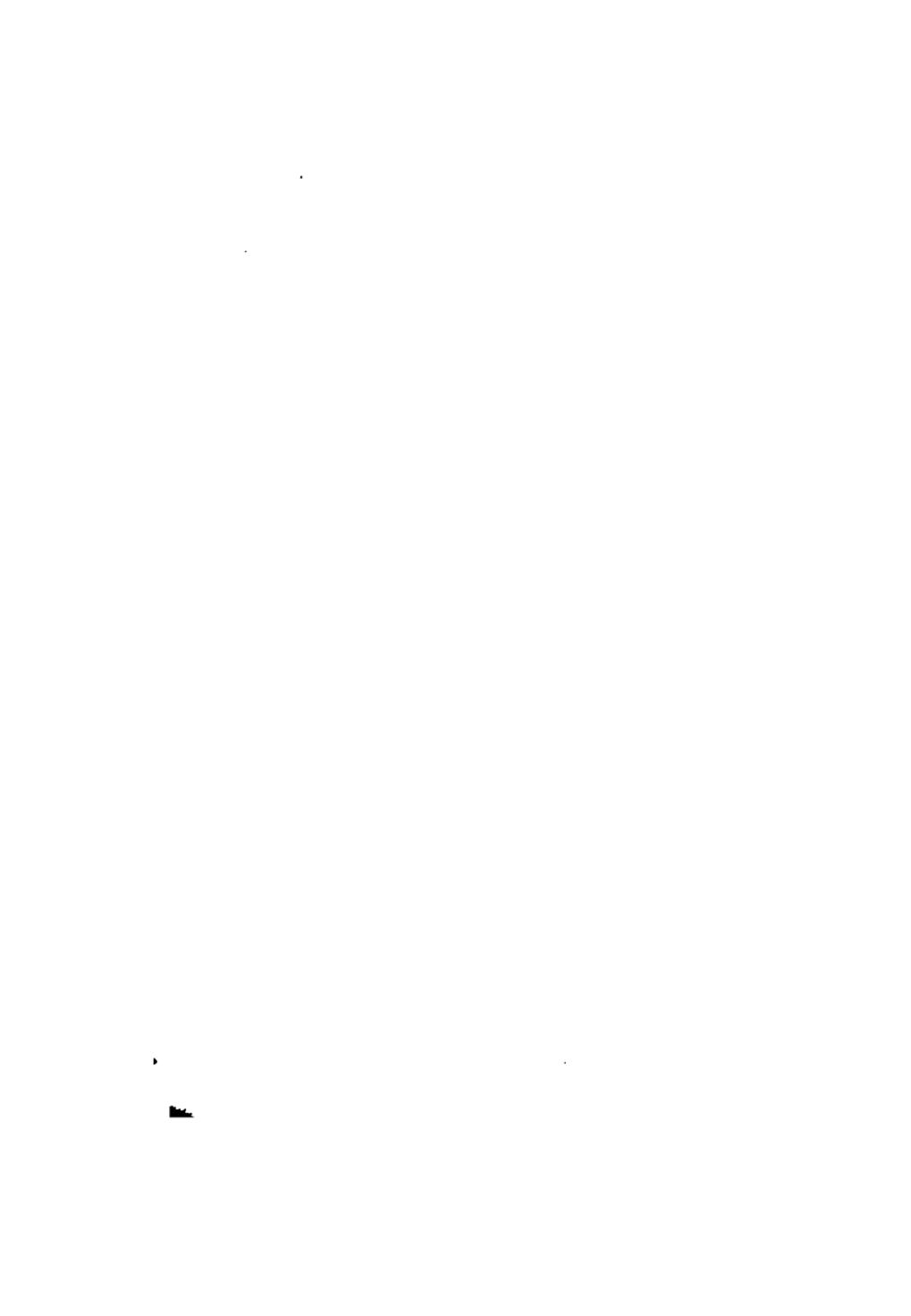


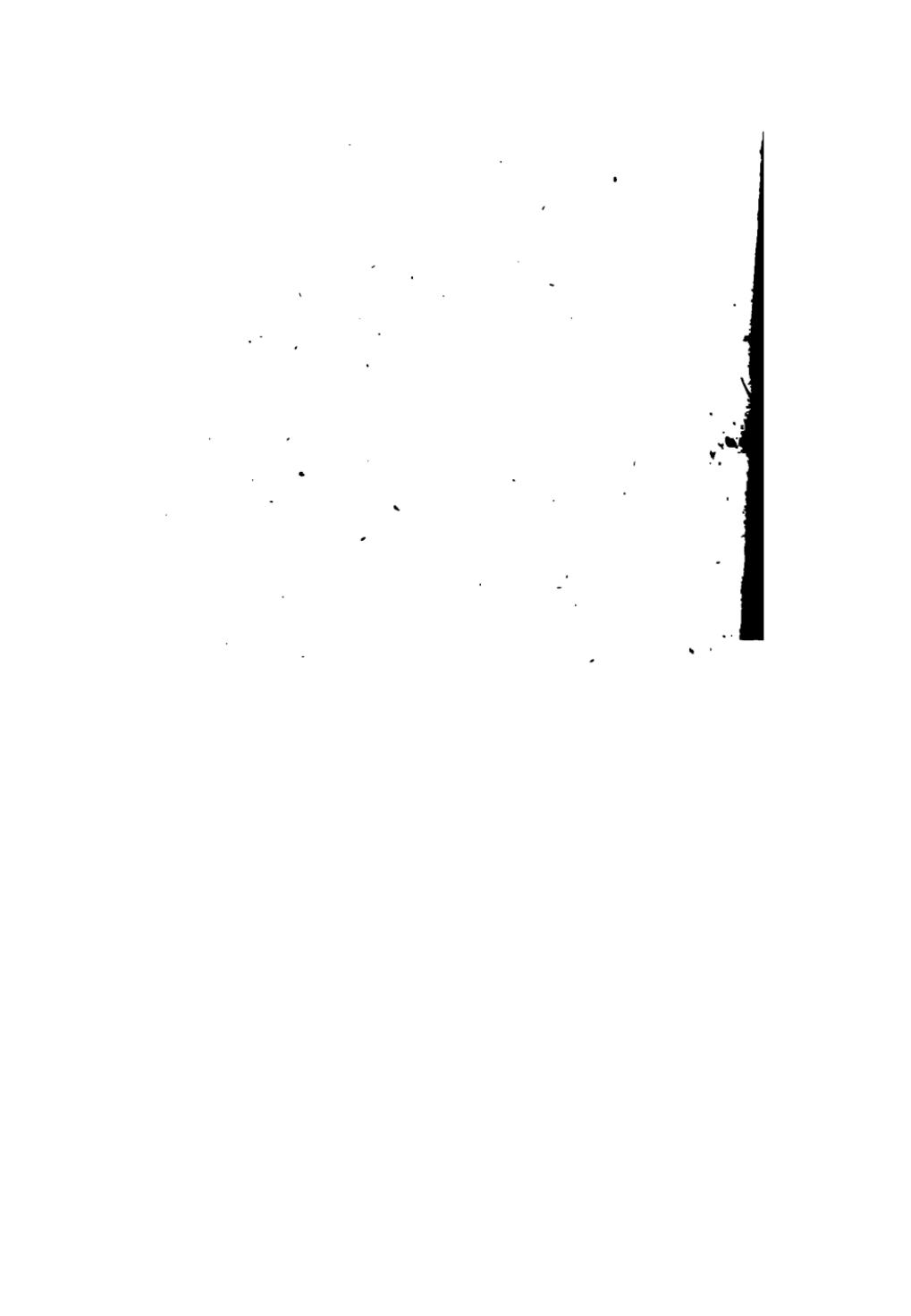














THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH;

CONTAINING
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA..... CYMBELINE.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.



L O N D O N:
Printed by T. BENSLEY, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY; E. HARDING,
PALL-MALL; AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1800.







Anthony and Cleopatra.
Act 4. Scene. 12.

Published Oct. 1. 1800. by T. Newell & H. Poultry.

Harding's Edition.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,



TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

From the TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Illustrated with Plates.

London:

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J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAUL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

МУЖЧИНА
СЛАВЫ
УДАРЫ

OBSERVATIONS.

AMONG the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

Antony and Cleopatra was written, I judgeing, in the year 1608.
MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,

THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENECKATES,

Friends to Cæsar.
Friends to Pompey.

VARRIUS,
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's army.

An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; Attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN,

IRAS, Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants
SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend; now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Hurrib. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a trumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

B

Cleo.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. 'Grates me:—The sum

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest; Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing]
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—

I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so flight ?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-

sayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall
be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,
I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but
a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—
come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a wo-
man that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let
her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow
worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his
grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this
prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight;
good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddes, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth : but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*,

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas* ?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him : Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,*
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

Mef. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius ?

Mef. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar ;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drove them.

Ant.

Well,

What worst ?

Mef. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mef.

Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrætes ;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia ;
Whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mef.

O, my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue ;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

¹ *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one ?

² *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

Mef. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Mef. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a Letter.

Ant. Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our de-
parture, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It
were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between
them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing.
Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies in-
stantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer
moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which
commits

commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celebrity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bleis'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the busines you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserter,
Till his deserts are paid) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*

Char.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not fay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldest know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestick powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten:
And quietnes, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo.

O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, to cease,
As you shall give the advice : Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then did adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt : Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word,

Sir,

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
 That you know well : Something it is I would,—
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
 To bear such idleness so near the heart
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
 Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
 Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 One great competitor : From Alexandria
 This is the news ; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill
His vacancy with his voluptuousnes,
Full surfeits, and the drynes of his bones,
Call on him for't : but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
At his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.

Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,

Most

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæf. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt :
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæf. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'ſt against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didſt drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudeſt hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the paſture sheets,

The

he barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps,
is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : And all this
(t wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,))
as borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
rive him to Rome : 'Tis time we twain
id show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
semble we immediate council : Pompey
hrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
oth what by sea and land I can be able,
o 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
is my busines too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord : What you shall know mean
time

: stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
o let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
cnew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

ter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha !—

ve me to drink mandragora.

C

Char.

Char.

Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char.

You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes glow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the first Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'it thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days ;
When I was green in judgement :—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away :
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall afflict
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony : But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyleſ ſauce his appetite;
 That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even till a Lethe'd dulneſs.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is moft certain that I ſhall deliver:
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; ſince he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A ſpace for further travel.

Pom. I could have given leſs m:
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm
 For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldiership
 Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er luſt-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
 Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together:
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæſar;
 His brother war'd upon him; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
 'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſel
 For they have entertained cauſe enough
 To draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their diſſions, and bind up
 The petty diſference, we yet not know.





“*Athenian Chivalry*”

Act 2. Scene 2.

Published Oct 1. 1800. by Denyer & Head, Poultry.

Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæf. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,) Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus,

Cæf. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæf. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæf. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæf. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I Should say myself offended; and with you Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should Once name you derogately, when to sound your name It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your busines; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eto. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you ~~must~~
But say, I could not help it.

Cæf. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæf. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it : But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,—

Cæf. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll.

I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
 Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
 Were to remember that the present need
 Speaks at once you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to thee ; your considerate stome.

Cæf. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
 What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
 O' the world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæf. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
 Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
 Is now a widower.

Cæf. Say not so, Agrippa ;

If

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr.

O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone;
Whiffling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr.

Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of no woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr.

Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno.

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her

Her infinite variety : Other women
 Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
 Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 'The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
 I have not kept my square ; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Now, sirrah ! you do wish yourself in Egypt ?

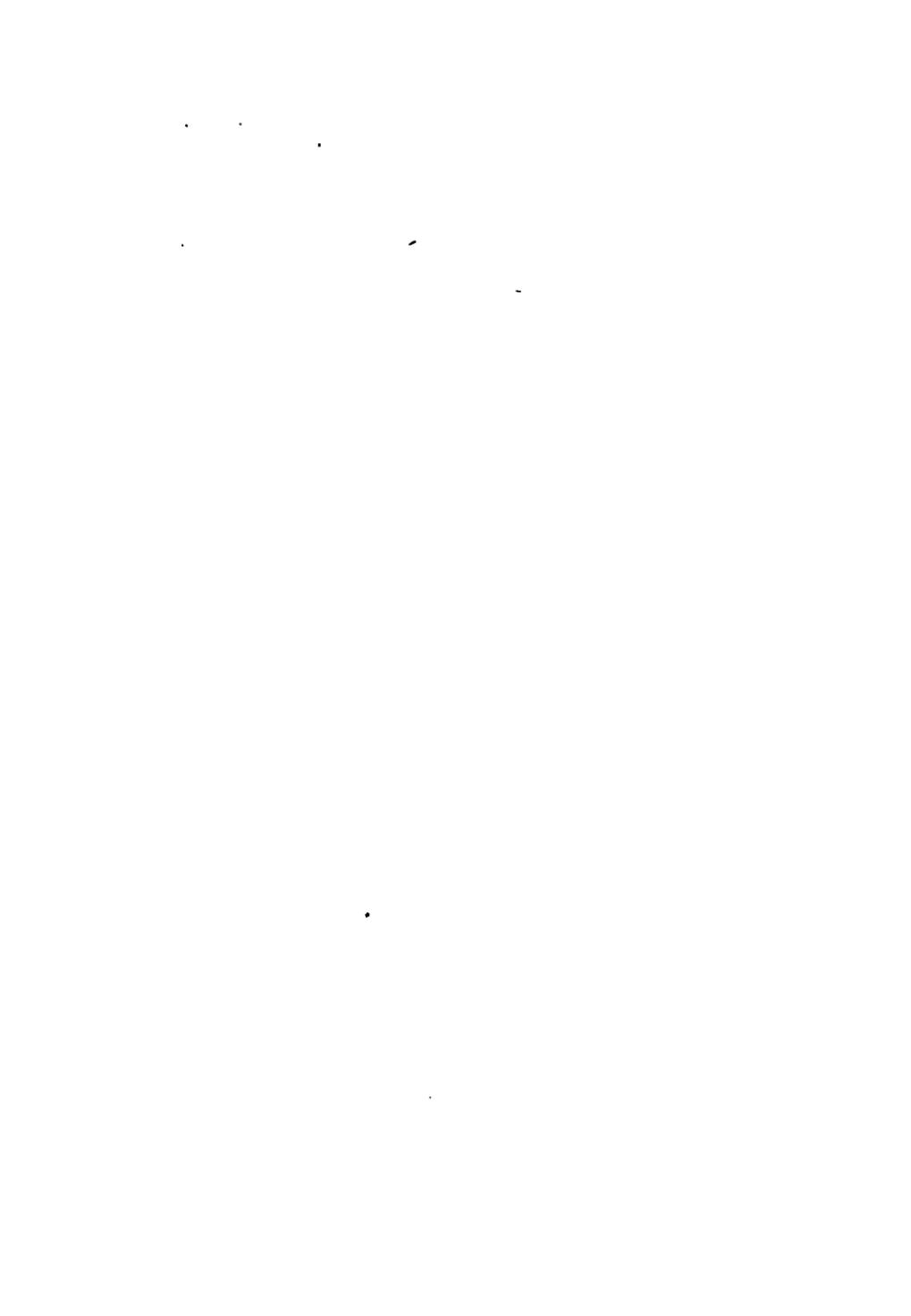
Sooth.



O, unhappy Cleopatra!

I. Sc. 2.

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Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue : But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—

[Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Give me some musick ; musick, moody food,
that trade in love.

rd. The musick, ho !

Enter MARDIAN.

Let it alone ; let us to billiards :
Charmian.
. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
h a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?
. As well as I can, madam.
And when good will is show'd, though it come
too short,
For may plead pardon. I'll none now :—
ne mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,
sick playing far off, I will betray
-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
nk them every one an Antony,
ly, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

'Twas merry, when
ager'd on your angling ; when your diver
ng a salt-fish on his hook, which he
'ervency drew up.

That time !—O times !—
'd him out of patience ; and that night
'd him into patience : and next morn,

D 2.

Ere

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippian. O ! from Italy ;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
 'That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'ſt thy mistress :
 But well and free,
 If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kifs ; a hand, that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kifing.

Mef. First, madam, he's well

Clea. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark ; W
 uſe

To ſay, the dead are well : bring it to that,
 'The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
 But there's no goodneſs in thy face : If Antony
 Be free, and healthful,—why ſo tart a favour
 To trumpet ſuch good tidings ? If not well,
 Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
 Not like a formal man.

Mef. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt :
 Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
 Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
 I'll ſet thee in a shower of gold', and hail
 Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef.

- Mef.* Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mef. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mef. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
 The good precedence ; fye upon *but yet* :
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
 Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together : He's friends with Cæsar ;
 In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.
Mef. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :
 He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn ?
Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !
[Strikes him down.]
Mef. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you ?—Hence,
[Strikes him again.]
 Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes
 Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;
[She bales him up and down.]
 Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mef. Gracious madam,
 I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
 And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a dagger]

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Ex-

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mef. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold the
still?

Mef. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mef. I crave your highnes' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee
hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T' other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exit.

SCENE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONIUS, ENOBARBUS, MECENAS, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know,
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom
To drench the Capitol: but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæf. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæf. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæf. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey :
And am well studi'd for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :

I did

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæf. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæf. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the faine. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them
Pom. Then so much have I heard :—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now ; How far'ft thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well
And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this
treaty—[Aside.]—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me : though
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety :
you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your
hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might
take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands
are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking,
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, 'sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark
Antony here: Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would
not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in
the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that
seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very
strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and
still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark
Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall
the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I
said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall
prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony
will use his affection where it is; he married but his occa-
sion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?
I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in
Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Mufick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A fennel founded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir : [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,

By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,

Or foizon, follow : The higher Nilus swells,

The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in
till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies
pyramids are very goodly things ; without contradiction
I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Afide*

Pom. Say in mine ear : What is't ?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Afide*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom.

Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile ?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like it self ; and it is as broad as
it hath breadth : it is just so high as it is, and moves with
its own organs : it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and
the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him ?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he
is a very epicure.

Pom.

Pom. [To MENAS aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me
of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [Aside.]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[Rises, and walks aside.]
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's
else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'ſt have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
 Mine honour it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done;
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [Aside.]
 I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
 Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunck: 'Would it were
 all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! t
 Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
 It's monstrous labout, when I wash my brain,
 And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
 From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.]
 Shall

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands ;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Ene. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick :—
The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* ENOBARBUS places them band in band.]

S O N G.

Come, thou monarch of the wine,
Plump Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy wats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !

Ces. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

Let me request you off : our graver busines
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir, give's your hand.

Pom.

E

O, Antony,

You

You have my father's house,—But what? we are friend
Come, down into the boat.

Eno.

Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exit POM. CES. ANT. and Attendants*
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men.

No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sot
out. [A flourish of trumpets, with drums

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain
Come. [*Exem*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodæs,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow ; spur through Media,
Mefopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
 That without which a soldier and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither, with what haste
 The weight we must convey with us will permit,
 We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;
 'The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
 To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
 Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
 With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno.

Ene. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Ene. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Ene. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Ene. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony: Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Ene. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—

[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself; Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue, which is set Betwixt us, as the cement of our love, To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter The fortress of it: for better might we Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
 We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;
 The elements be kind to thee, and make
 Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Oæta. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April's in her eyes : It is love's spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Oæta. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Oæta. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
 That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ? [Aside to AGRIPPA.]

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;
 So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?
 When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
 He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum ;
 What willingly he did confound, he wail'd :
 Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ;

I'll

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cle.

Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cle.

Farewell, farewell! [Kisses OCTAVIA.

Ant.

Farewell!

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is the shrill-tongu'd, or

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her lon-

Char. Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and d-
ish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps ;
Her motion and her station are as one :
She shows a body rather than a life ;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—
The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gues's at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'ft thou her face in mind ? is it long, or re-

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part t
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour

Mrs. Brown, madam : And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for busines : Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it
To publick ear :
Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He

He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Ota. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, *O, bles my lord and busband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bles my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Ota. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choole your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt*
SCEN

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eros. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eros. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou haft a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou haft, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!* And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habitments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Ces. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Ces. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Ces. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Ces. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
hould have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
.ong ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
hould have borne men; and expectation fainted,
.onging for what it had not: nay, the dust
hould have ascended to the roof of heaven,
tais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The

The oftent of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Otha. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd; but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'twixt his lust and him.

Otha. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Otha. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war : He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :
King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Otha. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome bither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;

Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oæa. Is it so, sir?

Cæf. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [Exit].

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo.

Cle. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eas. [4thir.] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cle. What is't you say?

Eas. Your presence needs much puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his tim'
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cle. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eas. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cle. Celery is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cle. By sea! What else?

Cæs. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Cæs. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Impros'd by swift imprefs; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of A&rium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is desir'd;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
 Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
 Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
 This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
 And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
 Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
 Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
 And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
 The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
 Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
 But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
 Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
 His power went out in such distractions, as
 Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Ent.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes
forth,
Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæf. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæf. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar, other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kis'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did ficken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,

Leavir

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
 I never saw an action of such shame ;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night
 Indeed. [*Afide.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
 My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendant's.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
 It is ashamed to bear me !—Friends, come hither,
 I am so late in the world, that I
 Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship

Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att.

Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims : let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Gleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fyé, fyé, fyé.

Char. Madam,—

Irás.

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer ; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful fails ! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
 And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
 Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
 How much you were my conqueror; and that
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
 All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
 Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knot
 We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [Exe]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.

Cæf. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
 Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from ANTONY.

Cæf. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
 I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Ces. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Ces. Bring him through the bands.
[Exit Ambassador.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: pronounce, [To THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtefy, so she will yield
Us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [Aside.
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit ENOBARBUS.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,

To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger.

Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beflow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBAREUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders !—
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there :—Ay, you kite !—Now gods and
devils !

Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cry'd, *be!*
Like boys unto a muis, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will ?* Have you no ears ? I am

Enter

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !
 Whip him :—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of the here, (What's her name
 Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy : Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipt
 Bring him again :—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Att. with THY.*
 You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
 Have I my pillow left unpreserv'd in Rome,
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
 By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
 (O misery on't !) the wise gods feel our eyes ;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgements ; make
 Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo.

Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outrail
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him : for he seems
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike

My

My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless ; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady ?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;
 There is hope in it yet.

Cleo.

That's my brave lord !
 I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 At maliciously : for when mine hours
 Ce and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Or jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
 D to darknes all that stop me.—Come,
 ve one other gaudy night : call to me
 Sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
 Back the midnight bell.

It is my birth-day :
 ought, to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
 ny again, I will be Cleopatra.

We'll yet do well.

Call all his noble captains to my lord.
 Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-night I'll force-
 ie peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen ;
 sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
 e death love me ; for I will contend
 th his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.
 Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
 e frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
 e will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
 iution in our captain's brain
 his heart : When valour preys on reason,
 he sword it fights with. I will seek
 ty to leave him.

{*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECENAS;
and Others.

Cæf. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
 To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat;
 Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
 I have many other ways to die; mean time,
 Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

Cæf. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
 And feast the army: we have store to do't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt*]

SCEN

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

He will not fight with me, Domitius.

No.

Why should he not?

He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
Twenty men to one.

To-morrow, soldier,
And land I'll fight: or I will live,
e my dying honour in the blood
ake it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Well said; come on.—
th my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

ateous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
ast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
ou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,
ngs have been your fellows.

What means this?
'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
[Aside.
the mind.

And thou art honest too.
I could be made so many men;

G 2

And

And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
ard you of nothing strange about the streets?

Sold. Nothing: What news?

Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
od night to you.

Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sold. Soldiers,
re careful watch.

Sold. And you: Good night, good night.
[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

Sold. Here we: [They take their posts.] and if to-mor-
row

navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
landmen will stand up.

Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
d full of purpose. [Musick of bawboys under the stage.]

Sold. Peace, what noise?

Sold. Lift, lift!

Sold. Hark!

Sold. Musick i' the air.

Sold. Under the earth.

Sold. It signs well,
s it not?

3 Sold. No.
 1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?
 2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
 Now leaves him.
 1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do. [They advance to another post.
 2 Sold. How now, masters?
 Sold. How now?
 How now? do you hear this? [Several speaking together.
 1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?
 3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
 1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see how't will give off.
 Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis strange.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
 If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
 Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
 What's this for?

Ant.

Int. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
the armourer of my heart :—False, false ; this, this.
Lev. Sooth, Ia, I'll help : Thus it must be.

Int. Well, well ;
I shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?
put on thy defences.

ros. Briefly, sir.

Lev. Is not this buckled well ?

Int. Rarely, rarely :
that unbuckles this, till we do please
doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
ou fumbleft, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
re tight at this, than thou : Despatch.—O love,
at thou could'ft see my wars to-day, and knew'ft
e royal occupation ! thou should'ft see

Ester an Officer, armed.

workman in't.—Good morrow to thee ; welcome ;
ou look'ft like him that knows a warlike charge ;
business that we love, we rise betime,
d go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
ly though it be, have on their riveted trim,
d at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets ; Bouri/b.

Ester other Officers, and Soldiers.

Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.

Int. 'Tis well blown, lads.
is morning, like the spirit of a youth
at means to be of note, begins betimes.—
so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, what's'er becomes of me :
 This is a soldier's kiss : rebukable, [Kisses her.
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
 On more mechanick compliment ; I'll leave thee
 Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
 Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't,—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
 Determine this great war in single fight !
 Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt,

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ; a Soldier meeting them,

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land !

Sold. Had'st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
 That has this morning left thee, would have still
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant, Who's gone this morning ?

Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,
 He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
 Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold.

f.

Sir,

with Cæsar.

s. Sir, his chefts and treasure
s not with him.

f. Is he gone?

t. Most certain.

f. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
n no jot, I charge thee: write to him
ll subseribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
that I wish he never find more caufe
nange a master.—O, my fortunes have
ipted honest men:—Eros, despatch.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

i/b. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and Others.f. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
will is, Antony be took alive;
it so known.

r. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit AGRIPPA.]

f. The time of universal peace is near:
this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

f. Antony
me into the field.f. Go, charge Agrippa
those that have revolted in the van,

That

That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exit CÆSAR and his Train.

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

Some

Some ditch, wherein to die ; the foul'ſt belt fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and
Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Saw.

I'll halt after. [Ex]

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Muram. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, a
Force.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp : Run one beft
And let the queen know of our gueſt.—To-morrow,
Before the fun ſhall fee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
For doughy-handed are you ; and have fought
Not as you ferv'd the caufe, but as it had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kifs
The honour'd gafhes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[To SCARUS]

Enter CLEOPTRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll command thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o' the world
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triāphing.

Cle. Lord of lords !
O infinite virtue ! com'ſt thou finiling from
The world's great fiare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though
 grey
 Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
 Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
 An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them;
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together;
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
 Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels *on their post.* Enter ENOBARBUS.

Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: The night

is

Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was

A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and lift to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony !

[Dies]

2 Sold. Let's speak
To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir ; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir ?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath caught him. Hark, the drums

[Drums afar off.]

Surely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard ; he is of note ; our hour

is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then ;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air ;
We'd fight there too. But this it is ; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;
They have put forth the haven : Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd : Where yonder pine does stand

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sail's their nests : the augurers Say, they know not—they cannot tell ;—look grimly, And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts, His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear, Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ; This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me : My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder They cast their caps up, and carouse together Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis thou Haft sold me to this novice ; and my heart Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ; For when I am reveng'd upon my charm, I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O fun, thy uprise shall I see no more : Fortune and Antony part here ; even here Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

On

n blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
hat overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
eguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
and blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
and hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians;
ollow his chariot, like the greatest spot
fall thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
or poor'st diminutives, to dolts; and let
atient Octavia plough thy viilage up
ith her prepared nails. [Exit CLEO.] 'Tis well thou'rt
gone,
it be well to live: But better 'twere
hou fell'it into my fury, for one death
ight have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
he shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
icides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
et me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
nd with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
abdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
'o the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
nder this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Theseus
Was never so embos'd.

Char. To the monument ;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead,
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument :—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence,
Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these signs ;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimbs ; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine ;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
And that she has discharg'd : What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided

Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead then ?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MANDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case !—Apate, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour
Marrs what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.—
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant.

Since Cleopatra died,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

Wit

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me; do't; the time is come;
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me?
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haft drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then :—[Falls on his sword.] T
I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [L

Ant. • Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by theif brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his feet]
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

2 Guard. What's the nois

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, mak
end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

2 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and wo

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

2 Guard. Not I.

2 G

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCIETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophefying
fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispus'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'y-
thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our fits of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Loo!

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'ft in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!—
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impörtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Affit, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my
lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[They draw ANTONY]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

[Die]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Haft thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [*See saints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !

Empress.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods ;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
 Patience is fottish ; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
 What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Charmian ?
 My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good sirs, take heart :—

[*To the guard below.*]

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNA,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

Cæf. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA*

Enter DERCIETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæf. Wherfore is that ? and what art thou, that dar
Appear thus to us ?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters : If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou please not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæf. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæf. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most perfidious deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stand together
In the whole world : But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where

Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meetier season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mef. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæf. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mef. So the gods preserve thee! [Ex.
Cæf. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Left, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS*]

Cæf. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLIUS*]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæf. Let him alone, for I remember now

ur son,

How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings : Go with me, and see
 What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.]

ls.—

midn.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

art;

[Exe]

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life : 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will ; And it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GAL-
LUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
 You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need : Let me report to him
 Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find
 A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
 Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
 Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
 Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;
 [Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the
 monument by a ladder placed against a window, and
 having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some
 of the guard unbar and open the gates.]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To PROCULEIUS and the guard. Exit GALLUS.

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen ! —

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [Drawing a dagger.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :

[Seizes, and disarms her.

Do

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be châstis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varlety
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To Cleo]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams,
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,

Cleo. His legs bestrad the ocean : his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol.

Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo.

I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæf. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels*
Cæf. Arise,

You shall not kneel : —

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæf. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæf. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and v

Yo

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred ? 'Ihe gods ! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Prythee, go hence ;

[To SELEUCUS]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthoug'd
 For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend ; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs.

Not so : Adieu.

[Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should n
 Be noble to myself : but bark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN]

Ira

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again;
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOLA.*] Now, *Iras*,
what think'it thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: Saucy lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us, and present
 Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
 I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !
Cleo. Nay, that is certain.
Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer
 Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
 My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee lea
 To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
 Wherefore's this noise ? [Exit IRAS. A noise with

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
 That will not be deny'd your highnes' presence ;
 He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
 May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
 [Exit Gus
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never
recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest wo-
man, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not
do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting
of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good
report o' the worm : But he that will believe all that they
say, shall never be saved by half that they do : But this is
most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the basket.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm
will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but
in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no
goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown.

Clo. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,
is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clo. You must not think I am so simple, but I
the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know,
woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress he
But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods
harm in their women; for in every ten that they
the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clo. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the wo-

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I ha
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. *Iras falls as*
Have I the aspick in my lips? Doth fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base;

If the first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,

[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, all
Upoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another asp to her arm.
What should I stay— [Falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not. .

Guard.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Chor. Too slow a messenger
[Applie.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar
guil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is it
done?

Chor. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy th
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Brav'it at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their death
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
This was his basket.

Poison'd then.

2d. O Cæsar,
harmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
her trimming up the diadem
dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
n the sudden dropp'd.

O noble weakness!—

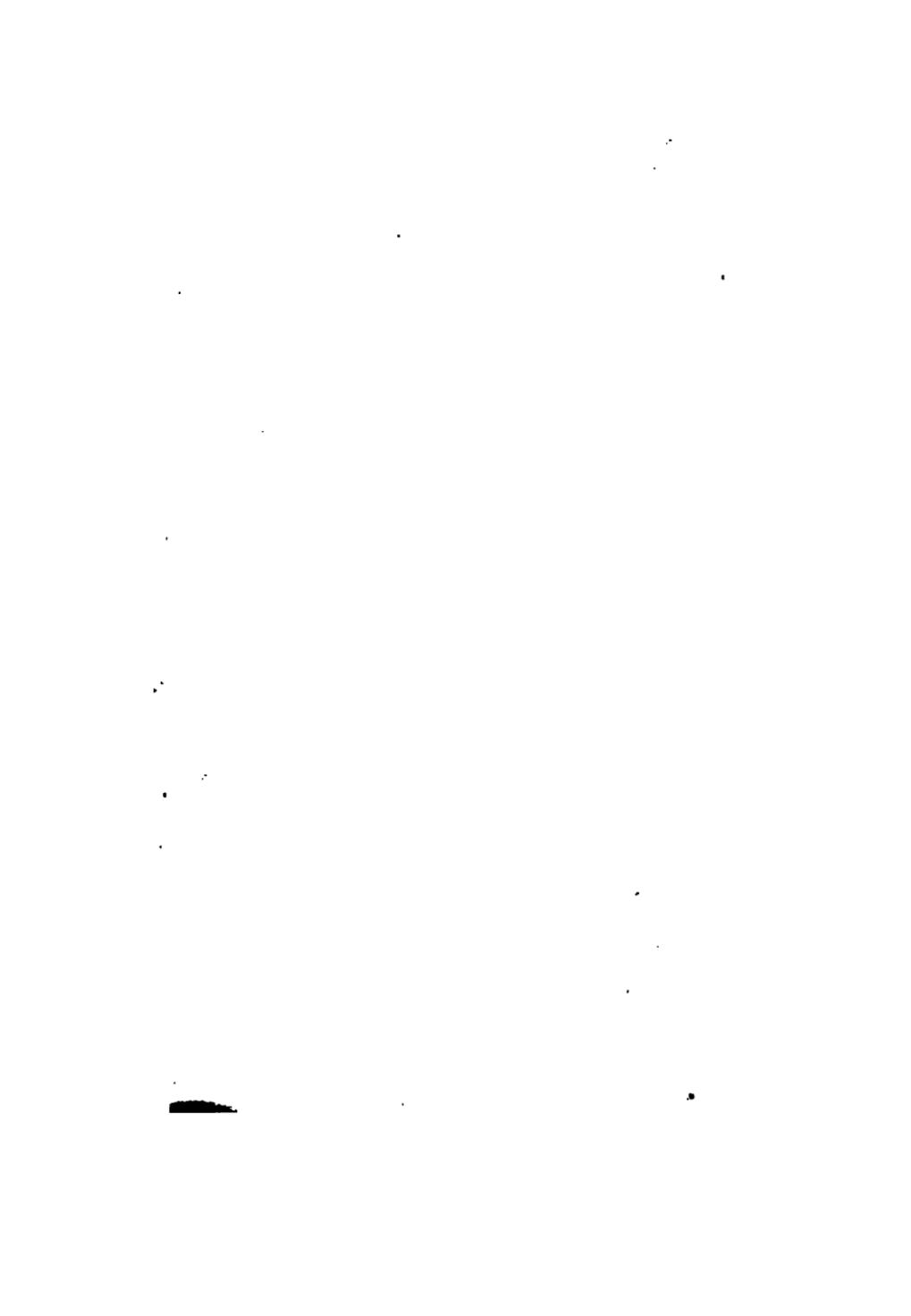
had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
ernal swelling: but she looks like sleep,
would catch another Antony
strong toil of grace.

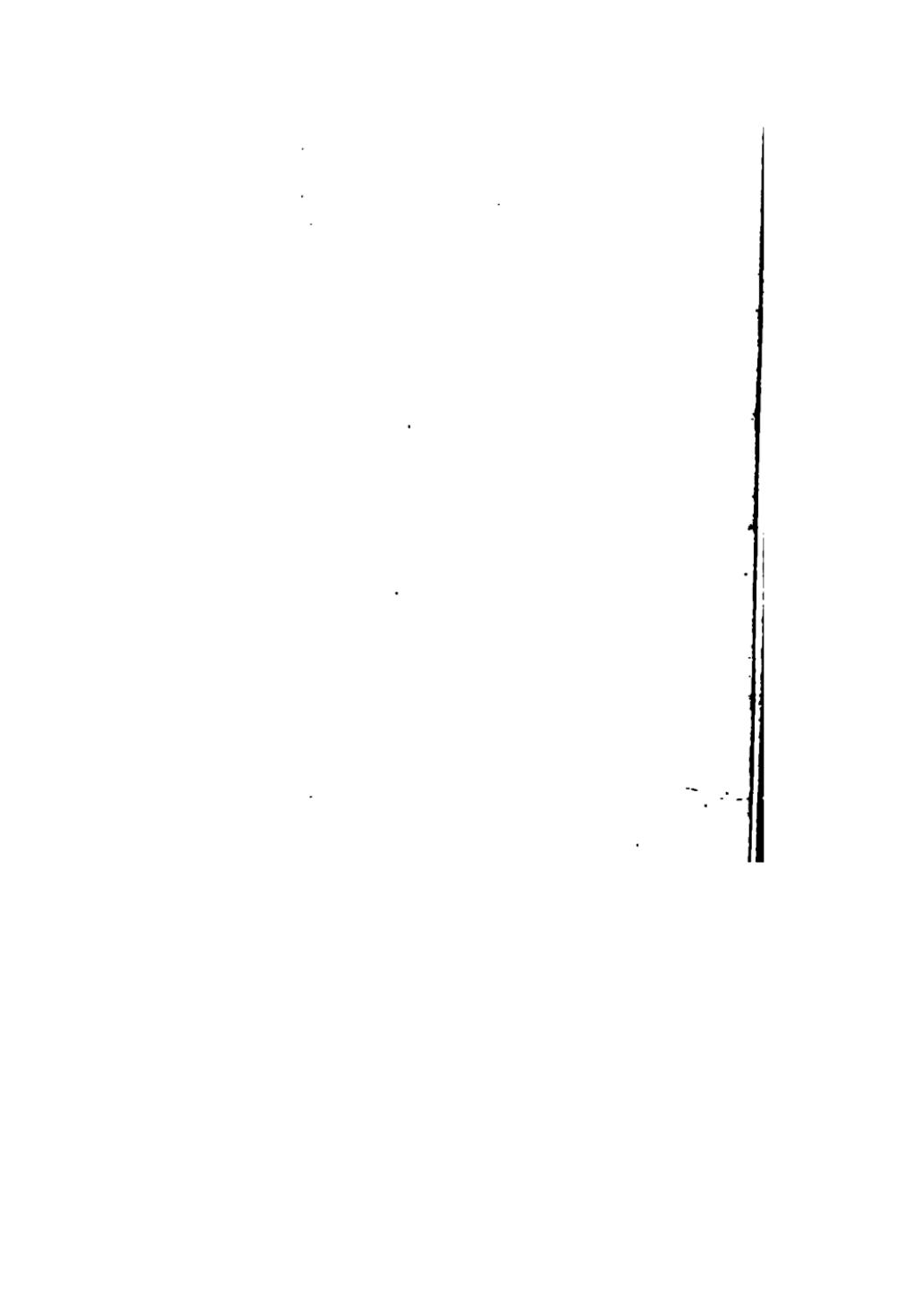
Here, on her breast,
is a vent of blood, and something blown:
ke is on her arm.

ard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves
lime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
the caves of Nile.

Most probable,
o she died; for her physician tells me,
th pursu'd conclusions infinite
y ways to die.—Take up her bed;
ear her women from the monument:—
all be buried by her Antony:
ve upon the earth shall clip in it
so famous. High events as these
those that make them: and their story is
s in pity, than his glory, which
ht them to be lamented. Our army shall,
em show, attend this funeral;
hen to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
order in this great solemnity.

[Exeunt.







Thurston del

Giulio Cesare Act 3
Song - *Far ne more the heat of the*

Published June 1790 by Domenico Head, Drury

Harding's Edition.

C Y M B E L I N E,

A

TRAGEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SSEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS.

MR. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been derived from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as this imitation differs in as many particular Italian novelist, as from Shakspere, though they concurred in the material parts of the fable. It was published in a quart 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hithe
There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationery Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by Kingdon. STEEVENS.

The only part of the fable which can be pronounced certain to be drawn from the tale in *Westward for Smergen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the being almost famished; and being taken, at a subsequent time, into the service of the Roman General as a page.* The scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on a novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakspere has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. It appears in the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, 1620, that many of the novels had before received corrections, and had been printed separately: "I know, moreover, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that them [the novels of Boccace] have long since been published, stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified by sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither favouring singular moral applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Pbilario, Iachimo, &c.* Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus,

MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEM, son to the Queen by a former husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman, husband
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under t.
Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } disguised under the names of Po

ARVIRAGUS, } Cadwal, supposed sons to B.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman forces.

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former qui

HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ape

Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish

Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messen

ger Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in I

C Y M B E L I N E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns : our hloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter ?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman : She's wedded ;
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king ?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so ?

B

1 Gent.

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?
1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their fat'
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:

A f

A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them ; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is the sole child to the king ?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago ?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd !
So slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear : Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princeſſ. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.*

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Pof. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen]

O

Imo.
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where the wounds !—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
 His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Pof.

My queen ! my mistress !
y, weep no more ; lest I give cause
suspected of more tenderness
loth become a man ! I will remain
yal'ft husband that did e'er plight troth.
idence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
o my father was a friend, to me
but by letter : thither write, my queen,
ith mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
h ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

n. Be brief, I pray you :
king come, I shall incur I know not
uch of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him

[*Afde.*

k this way : I never do him wrong,
does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
ear for my offences.

[*Exit.*

Should we be taking leave
g a term as yet we have to live,
athness to depart would grow : Adieu !
Nay, stay a little :
ou but riding forth to air yourself,
arting were too petty. Look here, love ;
iamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
ep it till you woo another wife,
Imogen is dead.

How! how! another ?—
ntle gods, give me but this I have,
ar up my embracements from a next
onds of death !—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring.*

B 3

While

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner. [Putting a bracelet on her arm
Imo. O, the gods !
 When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Poff. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my sight
 If, after this command, thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !
 Thou art poison to my blood.

Poff. The gods protect you !
 And bless the good remainders of the court !

I am gone.

[Exit]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
 That should'st repair my youth ; thou heapest
 A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
 Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
 Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
 And did avoid a puttock.

Cy.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my
throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neatherd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done [*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way;
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

B 4

Pif.

Pif. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen.

Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pif. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen.

I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pif. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pif. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

*A publick Place.**Enter CLOTHEN, and two Lords.*

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went the backside the town. [Aside.]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [Aside.]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain,

brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have
small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the rest
should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there ha
some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall
of a, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

[l

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pif. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen*
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pif. And kis'd it, n
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pif. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul fail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pif. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pif. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pif. Madam, I shall. [Exit]

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I coul then have look'd on him without the help of admiration though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfull to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, whic else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a begga without more quality. But how comes it, he is to so journ with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whos I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than stoy him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Poff. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Poff. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wife, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Poff. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Poff. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her admirer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Poff. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Poff. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Poff. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Poff. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Poff. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt,

'bt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear my ring.

'bi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

'of. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I kn him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at

'cb. With five times so much conversation, I should ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to end.

Pof. No, no.

'cb. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it somethg : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, n her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, urst attempt it against any lady in the world.

'of. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuas' ; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, your attempt.

'cb. What's that ?

'of. A repulse : Though your attempt, as you call it, serve more ; a punishment too.

'bi. Gentlemen, enough of this : it came in too suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better uainted.

'cb. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's the approbation of what I have spoke.

'of. What lady would you choose to assail ?

'cb. Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so . I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, , commend me to the court where your lady is, with more advantage than the opportunity of a second connc'e, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, sh you imagine so reserved.

Pof.

Pof. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring
I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you
buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve
it from tainting : But, I see, you have some religion in
you, that you fear.

Pof. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a
graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Pof. Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one :—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours :—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Pof. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us :—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand ; a covenant : We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain ; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Pof.

. Agreed. [Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.
 icb. Will this hold, think you?
 . Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us
 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

:en. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those
 flowers;
 hafte : Who has the note of them ?
 ady. I, madam.
 en. Despatch.— [Exeunt Ladies.
 master doctor; have you brought those drugs ?
 . Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :
 [Presenting a small box.
 beseech your grace, (without offence ;
 onscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
 nanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
 h are the movers of a languishing death ;
 though slow, deadly.
 en. I do wonder, doctor,
 i ask'ft me such a question : Have I not been
 pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
 iake perfumes ? distill ? preserve ? yea, so,
 our great king himself doth woo me oft
 by confection ? Having thus far proceeded,
 ss thou think'ft me devilish,) is't not meet
 I did amplify my judgement in

C

Other

Other conclusions? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,) To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act; and by them gather
 Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [Aside.
 Will I first work: he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm. [Aside.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[To PISANIO.] *Cor.* [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth think, she
 has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs;
 Then afterward up higher: but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'it thou ? Dost thou think,
in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another ;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans ?
Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a box : PISANIO takes it up.]

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know
What is more cordial :—Nay, I pry'thee, take it ;
It as an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
I think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
Is thou'l desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A fly and cor
 knave;
 Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [Exit Queen, and L.
 Pis. And shall do:
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious : Bleſſed be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wiſſes,
Which feaſons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pif. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome ;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worthy Leonatus is in ſafety,
And greets your highneſs dearly. [Preſents a letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good ſir ;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moft rich ! [Aſide,
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind fo rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
Or, like the Parthian, I ſhall flying fight ;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads,]—He is one of the nobleſt noſte, to wboſe kindneſſe
I am moft infiniteſt tied. Reſleſt upon him accordingly, as
you value your truſt. LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the reſt, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy ſir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and I shall find it ſo,
In all that I can do,

Iach. Thanks, faireſt lady.—
What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
To fee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other : Nor i'the judgement,
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : Nor i'the appetite ;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well :—'Beseech, you, sir, de-
fire [To PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him : he
Is strange and peevish.

Pif. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

Imo. Continues well my lord ? His health, 'beseech you !
Jach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome : he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O !*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Affured bondage ?

Imo. Will my lord say so ?
Iach. Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him
might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir ?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir ?
You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity ?

Iach. Lamentable ! What !
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
the dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces

That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul ! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt king double ! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield ! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd ;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets ;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio !

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'ſt ; as base, as strange.

Thou

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
 A fauzy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
 That he enchant'st societies unto him:
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him

e to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
ll others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
All's well, sir : Take my power i' the court for yours.
My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
eat your grace but in a small request,
of moment too, for it concerns
rd ; myself, and other noble friends,
tners in the busines.

Pray, what is't ?

Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
ft feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
a present for the emperor ;
, the factor for the rest, have done
ce : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
and exquisite form ; their values great ;
m something curious, being strange,
them in safe stowage ; May it please you
them in protection ?

Willingly ;

vn mine honour for their safety : since
hath interest in them, I will keep them
ed-chamber.

They are in a trunk,
d by my men : I will make bold
them to you, only for this night ; ●
board to-morrow.

O, no, no.

Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
h'ning my return. From Gallia
the seas on purpose, and on promise
our grace.

I thank you for your pains,
away to-morrow ?

O, I must, madam :

Therefore,

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [E.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTHEN, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kiss'd
the jack upon an up-caft, to be hit away ! I had a hundred
pound on't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must take
me up for swearing ; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him,
and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke his pate
with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it
would have run all out. [Aside.]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my lord ; nor [Aside.] crop the ears of
them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ?

'Would, he had been one of my rank !

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [Aside.]

Clo. I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth,—A
pox on't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare
not fight with me, because of the queen my mother : every
jack slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up
and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are cock and capon too ; and you crow,
cock, with your comb on. [Aside.]

Clo. Sayest thou ?

2 Lord.

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should u
every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit; I shoulc
offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come
to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knov

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thou
of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this strange;

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is ther
rogation in 't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore yo
being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I t
to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTHO and fir*
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princefs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ft!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a woer,

More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
 That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

*I*mo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

*L*ady. Please you, madam.

*I*mo. What hour is it?

*L*ady. Almost midnight, madam.

*I*mo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
 Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the trunk.]

*I*ach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,

How

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
 Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—Si
 The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the sto
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her! —
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bra*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what e
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawn
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
One, two, three,—Time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTHEN and Lords.

: Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

: Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper
of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious,
when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough:
It's almost morning, is 't not?

: Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to
give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fin-
gering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do,
let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very ex-
cellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet
air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her
consider.

S O N G .

*Hark ! bark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider
musick the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her
which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, not the voice of un-
eunuch to boot, can never amend. [Exeunt Musi

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Cho. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason
I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service
I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty
to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ?
Will she not forth ?

Cho. I have assaid her with musick, but she would
no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king.

Who lets go by no vantages, that may
 Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
 To orderly solicits; and be friended
 With aptness of the season: make denials
 Increase your services: so seem, as if
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which
 You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
 Save when command to your dismission tends,
 And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
 The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
 We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
 To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
 If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

D 2

Nay,

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man:
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady.

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's m

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's ple

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your goo

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of
 What I shall think is good?—The princeſ—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, faireſt ſiſter: Your ſwee

Imo. Good-morrow, ſir: You lay out too mi
 For purchafing but trouble: the thanks I give,
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
 And ſcarce can ſpare them.

Clo. Still, I ſwear, I lov

Imo. If you but ſaid fo, 'twere as deep with
 If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
 That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal : and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and ne *more*,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

Clo. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ;
 Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw 't this morning : confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss'd aught but he.

Pif. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [Exit I

Clo. You have abus'd me
 His meanest garment ?

Ay; I said so, sir.
I make 't an action, call witness to 't.
I'll inform your father.

Your mother too:
good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
Orst of me. So I leave you, sir,
Orst of discontent. [Exit.

I'll be reveng'd:—
At garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Var it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
The king, as I am bold, her honour
In hers.

What means do you make to him?
Not any; but abide the change of time;
The present winter's state, and wish
Other days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
ratify your love; they failing,
Much your debtor.

Our very goodness, and your company,
All I can do. By this, your king
D of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
is commission throughly: And, I think,
it the tribute, send the arrearages,
pon our Romans, whose remembrance
h in their grief.

I do believe,
(ough I am none, nor like to be,) That

That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
 The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
 (Now mingled with their courages) will make known
 To their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi.

See ! Iachimo !

Pof. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi.

Welcome, sir.

Pof. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iacb.

Your lady

Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Pof. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iacb.

Here are letters for you.

Pof. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iacb.

'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
 When you were there ?

Iacb. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Pof. All is well yet.—

Spark

Sparkles this stome as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good weasing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Poff. The stome's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Poff. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Poff. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Poff. Proceed.

Iach.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
 (Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but, profeſs,
 Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
 With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
 Proud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
 And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
 The prefs of boats, or pride: A piece of work
 So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
 In workmaſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
 Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on't was—

Poſt. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
 Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

Poſt. So they muſt,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
 Chafe Dian, bathing: never ſaw I figures
 So likely to report themſelves: the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Poſt. This is a thing,
 Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
 Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
 (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
 Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
 Depending on their brands.

Poſt. This is her honour!—
 Let it be granted, you have ſeen all this, (and praife

Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Then, if you can,

[*Pulling out the bracelet.*

Be pale ; I beg but leave to air this jewel : See !—
And now 'tis up again : It must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Pof.

Jove !—

Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach.

Sir, (I thank her,) that :

She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Pof.
To send it me.

May be, she pluck'd it off,

Iach. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Pof. O, no, no, no ; 'tis true. Here, take this too ;

[*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't :—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man : The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false !

Pfi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Pof.

Very true,

And

And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Pof. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure
 She would not lose it : her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable :—They induc'd to steal
 And by a stranger ?—No ; he hath enjoy'd her :
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearl
 There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you !

Pbi. Sir, be patient :
 This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of—

Pof. Never talk on't :
 She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast
 (Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
 I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her ?

Pof. Ay, and it doth confirm
 Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Pof. Spare your arithmetick : never count the tu
 Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn,—
Pof. No swear
 If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;

and I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach.

I will deny nothing.

Poff. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father :—I'll do somethin— [Exit.

Phi.

Quite besides

The government of patience !—You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach.

With all my heart.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter Posthumus.

Poff. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers ? We are bastards all ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his tools
Wade me a counterfeit : Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time : so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance !
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not ?—
Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,

Cry'd,

Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, flanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Ex]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

After CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEM, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us ?
 Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 res in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
 id conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 amous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 ian in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 id his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 arly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 ill be so ever.

Do. There be many Cæsars,
 such other Julius. Britain is
 world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
 wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 ich then they had to take from us, to resume
 have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 e kings your ancestors; together with
 e natural bravery of your ille; which stands
 Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 th rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
 th sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shippings
(Poor ignorant baubles ! on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them
have crook'd noses ; but, to owe such straight arm'd men.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe a Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have : Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If I hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the fire in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's army
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost strett
The fides o'the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselfes to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws ; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and faire
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings, his servants, than
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy :
Receive it from me then :—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance ; I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.
Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with
us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek us afterwards in
other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if
you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the ad-
'venture, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and
here's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pif. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddes-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *De't: The letter [Read*
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'ft
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pif. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leonatus ?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters ; —
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are afunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physick love ;—of his content,
All but in that !—Good wax, thy leave :—Blest be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods !

[Reads.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his
ominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of
creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take
wice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven : What your
own love will, out of this, advise you, fellow. So, be wishes
ou all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, in-
reasng in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

), for a horse with wings !—Hear'ft thou, Pisanio ?
Ie is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Slide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'ft, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'ft,—
(, let me 'bate,—but not like me :—yet long'ft,—
But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;

For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford : And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven : But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return, to excuse :—but first, how get hence :
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pif. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf :—But this is foolery :—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
 She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pif. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
 Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Vales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

A goodly day not to keep house, with such
roofs as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
tells you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
to the sun's holy office: The gates of monarchs
h'd so high, that giants may jet through
their impious turbands on, without
harrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
Life i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
Under livers do.

Hail, heaven!

Hail, heaven!

Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
We are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
you above perceive me like a crow,
in place, which lessens, and sets off.
You may then revolve what tales I have told you,
tales, of princes, of the tricks in war:
Service is not service, so being done,
ng so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
us a profit from all things we see:
ten, to our comfort, shall we find
urded beetle in a safer hold
; the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
er, than attending for a check;
than doing nothing for a babe;
, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
in the cap of him, that makes them fine,
ips his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

E 3

Gui.

Guil. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know not
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger
 I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the search ;
 And hath as oft a flandorous epitaph,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure :—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords ; and my report was once
 First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;

And

nd when a soldier was the theme, my name
as not far off : Then was I as a tree,
hose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
ook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
nd left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
ut that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
efore my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
was confederate with the Romans : so,
ollow'd my banishment ; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world :
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains ;
This is not hunters' language :—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up thus
meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou ref'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness

Vanquish

inquisish my staider senses. What's the matter? 'by tender'st thou that paper to me, with look untender? If it be summer news, nile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st it keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand! hat drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him, nd he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue ay take off some extremity, which to read 'ould be even mortal to me.

Pif. Please you, read;
nd you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
he most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strum-t in my bed; the testimonies wherof lie bleeding in me. I tak not out of weak farnises; but from proof as strong as my ief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, lanio, must aet for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the eacb of hers. Let thine own bands take away her life: I ill give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: see bath my ter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to ak me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her disbanour, id equally to me disloyal.*

Pif. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper ath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander; whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue utvehoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath ides on the positing winds, and doth belie all corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, laid, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave his viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false? 'o lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pif. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villainy; not born, where 't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
 From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthûmus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'ft him,
 A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'ft be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'ft a coward.

Pif.

Pif. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthûmus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rarenes : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch :
The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pif. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this busines,
I have not slept one wink.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then Didst

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pif. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment: in the which
 I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pif. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pif. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pif. No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court;
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

life what comfort, when I am
my husband?

If you'll back to the court,—
No court, no father; nor no more ado
At harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
Often, whose love-suit hath been to me
All as a siege.

If not at court,
In Britain must you bide.

Where then?
tain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
ain seesins as of it, but not in it;
t pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
livers out of Britain.

I am most glad
k of other place. The ambassador,
ne Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
ow: Now, if you could wear a mind
your fortune is; and but disguise
ich, to appear itself, must not yet be,
lf-danger; you should tread a course
nd full of view: yea, haply, near
lence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
ugh his actions were not visible, yet
ould render him hourly to your ear,
as he moves.

O, for such means!
peril to my modesty, not death on't,
adventure.

Well then, here's the point:
t forget to be a woman; change
d into obedience; fear, and liceness,
maids of all women, or, more truly,

Woman

Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pif. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : Would you, in their service
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourab
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means ab
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplayment.

Imo. Thou art all the cor
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be consider'd ; but we'll even
All that good time will give us : This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress

Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo.

Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEM, LUCIUS, and
Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
To conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy besai your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well:
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lord,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readines:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he move
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy busines;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant*

Queen. Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'ſt of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[Exit CLOTHEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
an make good use of either: She being down,
have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTHENE.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : May
This night forestall him of the coming day !

[*Exit Queen.*]

Clo. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing, firrah ?
Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ! In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pif. O, good my lord !
Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my lord,

How

can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
in Rome.

Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
urther halting: satisfy me home,
is become of her?

O, my all-worthy lord!

All-worthy villain!
ver where thy mistres is, at once,
e next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
, or thy silence on the instant is
condemnation and thy death.

Then, sir,
paper is the history of my knowledge
ing her flight. [Presenting a letter.

Let's see't:—I will pursue her
to Augustus' throne.

Or this, or perish.
far enough; and what he learns by this,
rove his travel, not her danger.

[Aside.]

Humh!

I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,
ay'ft thou wander, safe return again! [Aside.

Sirrah, is this letter true?

Sir, as I think.

It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo
mployments, wherein I should have cause to use
ith a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so'e'er
hee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would
hee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
ans for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
Well, my good lord.

Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and con-
thou haft stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar

wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch tha
ther : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pif. I shall, my lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven :—I forgot t
one thing ; I'll rememb'ret anon :—Even there,
lain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these
were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness
belch from my heart,) that she held the very g
Posthumus in more respect than my noble an
person, together with the adornment of my
With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her :
him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valc
will then be a torment to her contempt. I
ground, my speech of insultment ended on
body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, :
vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she s
to the court I'll knock her back, foot her ho
She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be m
révenge.

cond thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.— My revenge is now at Milford ; 'Would I had wings to follow it !—Come, and be true. [Exit.]

Pif. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'ft. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with flowness; labour be his meed ! [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pifanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not mis my way : Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness
Is soror, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one o'the false ones : Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was

At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the cave.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui.

I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on
 that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel.

Stay; come not in:

[*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui.

What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,

An

An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. 'Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Qui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
lave died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
o whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
hink us no churls; nor measure our good minds
, this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'is almost night: you shall have better cheer
'e you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
yys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours :—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers ?—Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't !
Arv. Or I ; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys.
[Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods !
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so :
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business : He creates
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exit.]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTHIN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should
Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garment
me! Why should his mistress, who was made by
made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (evid-
ence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fit
by fits. Therein I must play the workman.
it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man
glas to confer; in his own chamber, I mean)
of my body are as well drawn as his; no less you
strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond
advantage of the time, above him in birth, than
fiant in general services, and more remarkable
oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves
despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head
now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within th
be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to
before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home
father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my si
usage: but my mother, having power of his testine
turn all into my commendations. My horse is t
safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortun
them into my hand! This is the very description of
meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.



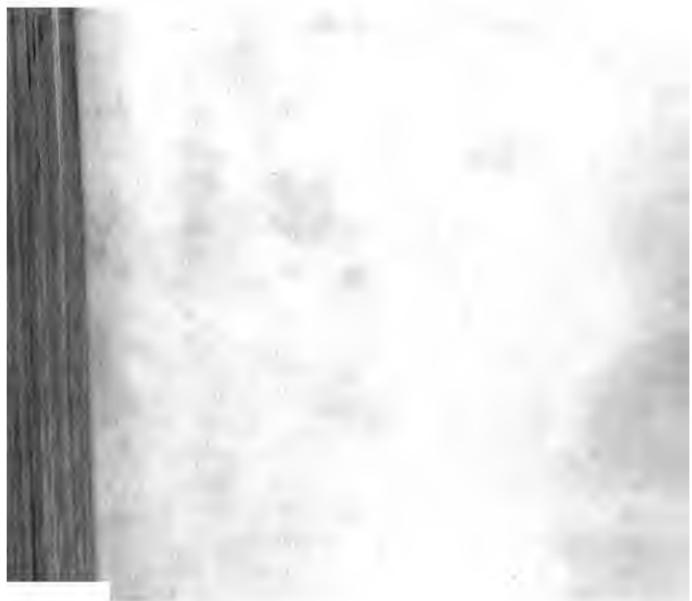
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Ridley sculp.

Campbelline.

Act 3^d. Scene 7th

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SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [to IMOGEN.] remain here in
the cave;

'e'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here:
[To IMOGEN.]

re we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
ut clay and clay differs in dignity,
/those dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
ut not so citizen a wanton, as
'o seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
ick to your journal course: the breach of custom
breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
annot amend me: Society is no comfort
'o one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
nce I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
ll rob none but myself; and let me die,
ealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it;
ow much the quantity, the weight as much,
s I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
 Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,
 And a demand who is't shall die, I'd fay,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain ! [Aside.]
 O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
 Cowards father cowards, and base things fire base :
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
 lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
 Experience, O, thou disprov'it report !
 The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
 I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,
 I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gni. I could not stir him :
 He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
 We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
 For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
 I am bound to you.

And so shalt be ever.

[*Exit IMOGEN.*

youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
ancestors.

How angel-like he sings !

But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in charac-
ters ;

fauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
ne her dieter.

Nobly he yokes
illing with a sigh : as if the sigh
that it was, for not being such a smile ;
smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
so divine a temple, to commix
winds that sailors rail at.

I do note,
grief and patience, rooted in him both,
le their spurs together.

Grow, patience !
let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
erishing root, with the increasing vine !

It is great morning. Come ; away.—Who's there ?

Enter CLOTHO.

I cannot find those runagates ; that villain
mock'd me :—I am faint.

Those runagates !
is he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
en, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush.
him not these many years, and yet
ow 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.
He is but one : You and my brother search

What

What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,

Nay

to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
on to the queen.

i. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
orthy as thy birth.

Art not afraid?

i. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wife
ols I laugh, not fear them.

Die the death:

n I have slain thee with my proper hand,
allow those that even now fled hence,
on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
l, rustick mountaineer. [Exit, fighting.

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

v. No company's abroad,
v. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.
i. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
ime hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
h then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
s very Cloten.

v. In this place we left them:
a my brother make good time with him,
say he is so fell.

Being scarce made up,
in, to man, he had not apprehension
aring terrors; for the effect of judgement
the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.

i. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
e was no money in't: not Hercules

Could

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haft thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what : cut off one Cloten's hea
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods !) they gr
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us : Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head. the which he han'.

Let ordinance
s the gods foresay it : howsoe'er,
ther hath done well.

I had no mind
it this day : the boy Fidele's sicknes
ke my way long forth.

With his own sword,
he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
d from him : I'll throw't into the creek
our rock ; and let it to the sea,
ll the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
all I reck.

[Exit.]

I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :
I, Polydore, thou hadst not done't ! though valour
s thee well enough.

'Would I had done't,
revenge alone pursued me !—Polydore,
hee brotherly ; but envy much,
last robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,
ossible strength might meet, would seek us through,
it us to our answer.

Well, 'tis done :—
unt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our'rock ;
d Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
ty Polydore return, and bring him
ner presently.

Poor sick Fidele !
ingly to him : To gain his colour,
a parish of such Clotens blood,
aise myself for charity.

[Exit.]

O thou goddes,
livine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
two princely keys ! They see as gentle

G

As

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchauf'd, as the rud'ft wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
 Civility not seen from other ; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassie to his mother ; his body's hostage
 For his return. [Solemn music]

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ! Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my dear'ft mot
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in
 arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,

the dire occasion in his arms,
blame him for !

The bird is dead,
we made so much on. I had rather
d from sixteen years of age to sixty,
rn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
seen this.

O sweetest, fairest lily !
wears thee not the one half so well,
ou grew'st thyself.

O, melancholy !
et could found thy bottom ? find
to show what coast thy sluggish erare
est harbour in ?—Thou blessed thing !
what man thou might'st have made ; but I,
, a most rare boy, of melancholy !—
you him ?

Stark, as you see :
g, as some fly had tickled slumber,
's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek
a cushion.

Where ?

O' the floor ;
us leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put
brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
y steps too loud.

Why, he but sleeps :
ne, he'll make his grave a bed ;
e fairies will his tomb be haunted,
will not come to thee.

With fairest flowers,
mer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack
, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to flander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. *Pr'ythes, have done;*
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him;
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay I

Gai. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Guil. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanez that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Clo
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty, re
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Tui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
erites' body is as good as Ajax,
en neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
ll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

Tui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Tui. Come on then, and remove him;

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Gui. Fear no more the beat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thine the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not flander, confare rash;
Arv. Thou best fung'd joy and man:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to time, and come to dust.

*Gui. No exerciser barm thee !
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Gui. Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee !
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

*Gui. We have done our obsequies : Come lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but about midnight, more :
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'ſt for graves.—Upon their faces :—
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you frow.—
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again :
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.*

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*
*Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; Which is
the way ?—*

I thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?
'Ods pittikins !—can it be six miles yet ?—
I have gone all night :—Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft ! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : But if there be

ye

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
 The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man !—The garments of Posthumus !
 I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
 The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face—
 Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio—
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top !—O, Posthumus ! alas,
 Where is thy head ? where's that ! Ah me ! where's that ?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be ? Pisanio ?
 'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it home :
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O !—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord, my lord !

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service : and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision :
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence.) Thus :—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends,
(Unless my fins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometimes
It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead, rather :
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded : Who is this,

'hou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That; otherwise than noble nature did,
Iath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
n this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside.
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less before. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and fight;

And,

And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daized plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exit].

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madnes, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

or when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
old me your loyal servant.

i Lord. Good my liege,
the day that she was missing, he was here :
dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
all parts of his subjection loyally.
or Cloten,—

here wants no diligence in seeking him,
and will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome ;
we'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[To PISANIO.

oes yet depend.

i Lord. So please your majesty,
the Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
are landed on your coast ; with a supply
of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
am amaz'd with matter.

i Lord. Good my liege,
our preparation can affront no less
than what you hear of : come more, for more you're ready ;
the want is, but to put those powers in motion,
that long to move.

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;
and meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
that can from Italy annoy us ; but

we grieve at chances here.—Away.

[Exeunt.

Pif. I heard no letter from my master, since
wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
or hear I from my mistress, who did promise
to yield me often tidings : Neither know I
what is betid to Cloten ; but remain
plex'd in all. The heavens still must work :

Wherin,

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit]

SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave.**Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.**Gui.* The noise is round about us.*Bel.* Let us from it.*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?*Gui.* Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.*Bel.* Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.*Arv.* It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,

Behold



Honoré Daumier

Violante !

• Honoré Daumier

• Honoré Daumier

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so elay'd importantly as now,
They will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Arv. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cleon then but young, you see, not wore him
In remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath serv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
Not to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Qui. Than be so,
Letter to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
and my brother are not known ; yourself,
o out-of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
Whither : What thing is it, that I never
See man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
That of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
or iron on his heel ? I am ashamed
o look upon the holy sun, to have
the benefit of his blest beams, remaining
o long a poor unknown.

Qui. By heavens, I'll go :
f you will blest me, sir, and give me leave,
'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [Aside.
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Poſt. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wiſh'd
thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
each of you would take this course, how many
Iuſt murder wives much better than themſelves,
or wryng but a little ?—O, Pifanio !
very good ſervant does not all commands :
to bond, but to do juſt ones.—Gods ! if you
houſhould have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
had liv'd to put on this : fo had you ſaved
the noble Imogen to repent ; and ſtruck
te, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
you ſnatch ſome hence for little faults ; that's love,
to have them fall no more : you ſome permit
to ſecond illſ with illſ, each elder worse ;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own : Do your beſt wiſs,
And make me bleſſ'd to obey !—I am brought hither
Amoſg the Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſſ ; peace !
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose : I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a Briton peafant : fo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with ; fo I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the R.
army; at the other side, the British army; LEON
POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They
over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in fit
IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and
overcometh IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air can't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knight-hoods and honours, bears
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [

The continuo; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and VIRAGUS.

Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
one is guarded; nothing routs us, but
illainy of our fears.

Aru. Stand, stand, and fight!

POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exequit. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHI- and IMOGEN.

Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
they were hoodwink'd.

'Tis their fresh supplies.

It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
e-enforce, or fly. [Exequit.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

I. Cam'ft thou from where they made the stand?
I did:
gh you, it seems, come from the fliers.
I did.
. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
at the heavens fought: The king himself
wings destitute, the army broken,

H And

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Though a straight lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with tuf,
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country ;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter ;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
 Made good the passage ; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's barts die flying, not our men :
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beoffs, which you shun beaftly ; and may save,
But to look back in frown : stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners !) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grim like lions

on the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 top i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 out, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 ckers, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 : strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 ke fragments in hard voyages,) became
 life o'the need; having found the back-door open.
 the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 ie, slain before; some dying; some, their friends
 r-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
 se, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 e mortal bugs o'the field.

ord. This was strange chance's
 narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

off. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 her to wonder at the things you hear,
 an to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 d vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
 o boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 serv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

ord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

off. 'Lack, to what end?
 o dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
 if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 now, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

i have put me into rhyme:

Farewell; you are angry.

[Exit.

'off. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
 be i'tho field, and ask, what news, of me!
 day, how many would have given their honours
 have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
 d yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
 Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him :
 For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
 No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
 The part I came in : Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
 Britons must take : For me, my ransom's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported :
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! who is there ?

Poſt. A Roman ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him ; A dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

*A Prison.**Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gael.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gael.*

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give
me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third.

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine : and thoug'
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every fl.
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn musick. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius
 father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like
 leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife,
 to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then
 musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers
 mus, with wounds as they died in the wars.
 Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art,)
 Thou shouldest have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing sinart.
 Mot. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;

That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel ;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati' seat, and cast

From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogea ?
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy ;

And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villainy ?
2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain ;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd :
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due ;
 Being all to dolours turn'd ?
Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries :
Morb. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.
z. Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :
 Be not with mortal accidents opprest ;
 No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—

be lord of lady Imogen,
appier much by his affliction made,
let lay upon his breast; wherein
easure his full fortune doth confine;
away: no further with your din
is impatience, left you stir up mine.—
t, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.
He came in thunder; his celestial breath
shurous to smell: the holy eagle
as to foot us: his ascension is
eet than our bleſſ'd fields: his royal bird
he immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
his god is pleas'd.

Thanks, Jupiter!
The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
ant roof:—Away! and, to be bleſſ'd,
ith care perform his great behest. [Obſt's wādīb.
Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grandſire, and
begot
to me: and thou haſt created
er, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
hey went hence so ſoon as they were born;
I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
tnes' favour, dream as I have done;
and find nothing.—But, alas, I fwerve:
eam not to find, neither deserve,
are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I,
ve this golden chance, and know not why.
ries haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
as is our fangled world, a garment
han that it covers: let thy effects
w, to be moft unlike our courtiers,
I as promife.

[Reads]

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end
his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and
plenty.*

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing ;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come; sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready for
that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the
dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the comfort
is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more
tavern bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as
the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of
meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you
have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ;
purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for
being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of
heaviness : O ! of this contradiction you shall now be
quit.—O the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thou-
sands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor
but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge :—
Your

Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Poff. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Poff. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Poff. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gagl. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindnes! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Poff. Thou bring'ft good news;—I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Poff. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience,

conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and there be some of them too, that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses ! I speak against my present profit ; but my wish hath a preferment int.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my fide, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found : He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing ; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?
Pif. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward ; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

By

om, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time
of whence you are :—report it.

Sir,

n'bria are we born, and gentlemen :
r to boast, were neither true nor modest,
I add, we are honest.

Bow your knees :
my knights o'the battle ; I create you
ions to our person, and will fit you
dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
you our victory ? you look like Romans,
ot o'the court of Britain.

Hail, great king !
ur happiness, I must report
neen is dead.

Whom worse than a physician
this report become ? But I consider,
licine life may be prolong'd, yet death
ize the doctor too.—How ended she ?
With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
, being cruel to the world, concluded
rueful to herself. What she confess'd,
eport, so please you : These her women
p me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
present when she finish'd.

Pr'ythee, say.

First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
d greatness got by you, not you :
d your royalty, was wife to your place ;
r'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
 And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
 Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
 With such integrity, she did confess
 Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
 But that her flight prevented it, she had
 Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
 Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
 For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
 Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
 By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time,
 (When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
 Her son into the adoption of the crown.
 But failing of her end by his strange absence,
 Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
 The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
 Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
 Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious
 To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which our self have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master heard
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
Sofeat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His favour is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;

Yes,

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy despairs me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arw. One sanc another
Not more resembles : That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele :—What think you ?

Guil. The same dead thing alive.

Bel.

Peace; peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
'es may be alike: were't he, I am sure
old have spoke to us.

But we saw him dead.

Be silent; let's see further.

It is my mistress:

[Aside.]

He is living, let the time run on,
Good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Come, stand thou by our side;
by demand aloud.—Sir, *[to IACH.]* step you forth;
Answer to this boy, and do it freely;
our greatness, and the grace of it,
is our honour, bitter torture shall
wth the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
My boon is, that this gentleman may render
What he had this ring.

What's that to him? *[Aside.]*

That diamond upon your finger, say,
Am I yours?

Thou'l torture me to leave unspoken that
, to be spoke, would torture thee.

How! me?

I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
ants me to conceal. By villainy
his ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve
thee,
loth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
All that belongs to this.

That paragon, thy daughter,—

I For

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirit
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy stren,
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, taming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being mad
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trülls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym.

Nay, nay to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I wretch !
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which thea he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,—

Poff.

Ay, so thou doſt,

{coming forward.

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For tortures ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy lefs than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Pof. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
 There lie thy part. [Striking her: *she falls.*

Pif. O, Gentlemen, help, help
 Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Pof. How come these staggers on me?

Pif. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pif. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym.

The tune of Imogen !

Lady,
ds throw stones of sulphur ~~on~~ me, if
ox I gave you was not thought by me
ous thing ; I had it from the queen.
New matter still ?

It poison'd me.

O Gods !—

ut one thing which the queen confess'd,
must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
said she, given his mistress that confection
I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
ould serve a rat.

What's this, Cornelius ?
The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
per poisons for her ; still pretending
tisfaction of her knowledge, only
ing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
steem : I, dreading that her purpose
f more danger, did compound for her
ain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
esent power of life ; but, in short time,
ices of nature should again
ir due functions.—Have you ta'en of it ?
Most like I did, for I was dead.

My boys,

was our error.

This is sure, Fidele.

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
, that you are upon a rock ; and now
me again. [Embracing him.
. Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die.
. How now, my flesh, my child ?
. mak'ft thou me a dullard in this act ?
. thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [K
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame y
 You had a motive for't.

[*To GUIDERIUS, and ARVIR.*

Cym. My tears, that fall,
 Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was
 That we meet here so strangely: But her son
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pif. My lord,
 Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Clote
 Upon my lady's misfing, came to me
 With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death: By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket; which directed him
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour: what became of him,
 I further know not.

Guil. Let me end the story:
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Guil. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guil. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did m

Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ; [To the Guard.
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good is his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave ;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Affum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?
Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee ;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;

Having receiv'd the punishment before;
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : Their dear los's,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wife nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Bles'd may you be,

That,

That, after this strange parting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arw. Ay, my good lord.

Guil. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.
Imo.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Iuc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Poff. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd ;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again : [Kneeling.]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Poff. Kneel not to me ;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd ;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Poff. Your servant, prince.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc.

Philarmonus.—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc.

Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after receive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

The fit and apt construction of thy name,

Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

THE CYMBELINE.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,

Is this most constant wife: who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle.

Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

Gym.

This hath some seeming.

Seeth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline.

Personates thee : and thy lopp'd branches point

Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,

Try two lone tortoises, who, by Bernardus Reilex,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd.

To

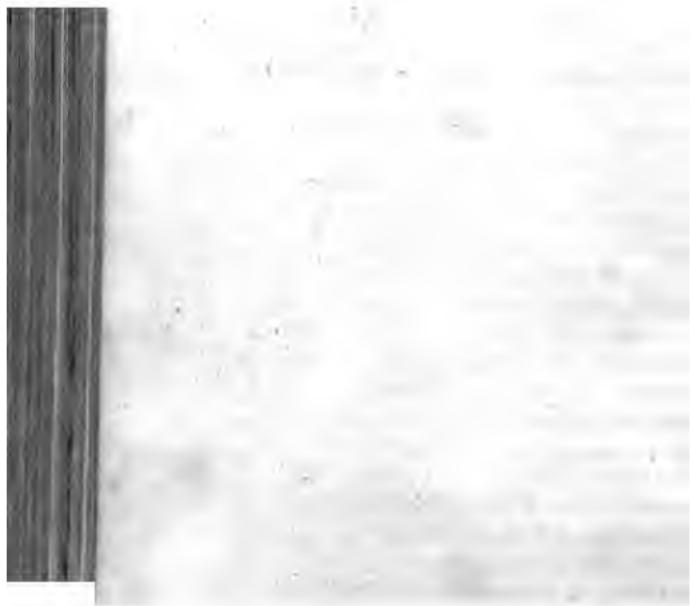
'o the majestick cedar join'd ; whose issue
romises Britain peace and plenty,

Cym. Well,
ly peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
.lthough the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
.nd to the Roman empire ; promising
'o pay our wonted tribute, from the which
e were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
hom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
ave laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
'e harmony of this peace. The vision
hich I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
f this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
rom south to west on wing soaring aloft,
essen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
vanish'd : which fore-show'd our princely eagle,
'e imperial Cæsar, shoud again unite
is favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
hich shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
nd let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
rom our bleſ'd altars ! Publish we this peace
'o all our ſubjects. Set we forward : Let
Roman and a British enſign wave
riendly together : fo through Lud's town march :
.nd in the temple of great Jupiter
ur peace we'll ratify ; ſeal it with feaſts.—
t on there :—Never was a war did ceafe,
re bloody hands were wash'd, with ſuch a peace.

[*Exeunt.*







Titus Andronicus.

Act I. Scene 2.

Published Octo. 1800, by Terner & Hood, Poultry.

Harding's Edition.

TITUS ANDRONICUS,

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, FALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SAEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

IT is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspere, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia; or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Loft*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspere, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakspere's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Loft*. TYWHITT.

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6, 1593. A book entitled *Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Entered

intered unto him also the ballad thereof."

ered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poets*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspere with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that this is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is charged with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had been exhibited five-and-twenty or thirty years before, which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspere was but 25: an earlier date than is found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

ough we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great tick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being probably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for has not very sparingly censured *The Merchant of Venice*, and other pieces are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspere. whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malice on him.

nter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. speaks of the story of as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of Tamora: in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to

" _____ as welcome shall you be
 " To me, my daughters, and my son in law,
 " As Titus was unto the Roman senators,
 " When he had made a conquest on the Goths."

atever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this play among those of Shakspere, all it has gained by their fassion to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contradiction—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be despised.

what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition handed down by Revenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in taking one or other of these suppositions. "I have been told" he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687,) some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally brought out by a private author to be acted, and he only gave master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

"A booke entitld *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Suffex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancast*, *The old Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II.* by whom not one of Shakspere's plays is said to have been performed.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation, in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspere, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia*, *Tancred and Gismond*, *The Battle of Alcazar*, *Jeromus*, *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, *The Wounds of Civil War*, *The Wars of Cyrus*, *Locrine*, *Arden of Faverham*, *King Edward I.* *The Spanish Tragedy*, *Solyman and Perseida*, *King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspere, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His enumerating this among Shakspere's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being printed by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and probably acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspere interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspere, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been mis-informed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished,) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspere's name is not in the title-page of the edition

OBSERVATIONS.

V

tion printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspere, can it be supposed that the bookellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the verification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspere. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and
wards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against
Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother
to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

AEMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
CHIRON, } Sons to Tamora.
DEMETRIUS,

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora..*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths, and Romans.*

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.*

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldier.
Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baf. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility.

B

But

But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friend
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, furname Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls :
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This caufe of Rome, and chaffised with arms
Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at laſt, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thought

Baf. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
thy uprightnes and integrity,
nd so I love and honour thee and thine,
by noble brother Titus, and his sons,
nd her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
racious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
hat I will here dismis my loving friends ;
nd to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
ommit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
thank you all, and here dismis you all ;
nd to the love and favour of my country
ommit myself, my person, and the caufe.

[*Exeunt the followers of SATURNINUS.*

ome, be as just and gracious unto me,
s I am confident and kind to thee.—
pen the gates, and let me in.

Baf. Tribunes ! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with
Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way ; The good Andronicus,
atron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
uccessful in the battles that he fights,
ith honour and with fortune is return'd,
rom where he circumscribed with his sword,
nd brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with blue cloth; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CROWN, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prison soldiers and people, following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds
 Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears ;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors :
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is open*
 There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manus fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here

row no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
se, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

ce and honour rest you here my sons !
. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
ble lord and father live in fame !
this tomb my tributary tears
er, for my brethren's obsequies ;
t thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
n the earth, for thy return to Rome :
s me here with thy victorious hand,
fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
ordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
a, live ; outlive thy father's days,
ame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSI-
ANUS, and Others.

. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
us triúmpher in the eyes of Rome !
Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
at survive, and you that sleep in fame.
rds, your fortunes are alike in all,
n your country's service drew your swords :
fer triumph is this funeral pomp,
ath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
riumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Andronicus, the people of Rome,
e friend in justice thou hast ever been,
hee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This pallament of white and spotless hue ;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feeblenes :
 What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new busines for you all ?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully ;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country :
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a scepter to control the world :
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ? —

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right ;—
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Baf. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die ;
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,

The

The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[To TAMORA.

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
That I wold choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance ;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes ; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; fith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtefy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :
Ransomles here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bos. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, fir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bos. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,

To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?
Treasōn, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd ! By whom ?

Baf. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !
Barr'ft me my way in Rome ? [*Titus kills MUTIUS.*

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonour me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readines for Hymeneus stand.—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accom-
pany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whoso

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TAMORA,
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls :—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ? What villain was it spoke that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite ?

Mar. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :
 My foes I do repute you every one ;
 So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the sons of TITUS* kneel.]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself ; and wife Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise :—

The dismal'ſt day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
 Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus ; but, I know, it is ;

Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell :

Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
Ced give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Baf. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Baf. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am posses'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Baf. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome forefend
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Left then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.— [A
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord;
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[Exit]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
it of fortune's shot ; and fits aloft,
of thunder's crack, or lightning flash ;
c'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
en the golden sun salutes the morn,
having gilt the ocean with his beams,
s the zodiack in his glistering coach,
verlooks the highest-peering hills ;
nora.—

her wit doth earthly honour wait,
irtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
ount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
ount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph long
risoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;
after bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts !
be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
ut upon this new-made emperors.

it, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
odress, this Semiramis ;—this queen,
yren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
ee his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
! what storm is this ?

C 2

Enter

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvise'
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They c
Aar. Why, how now, I
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Cbi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empres know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Cbi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Cbi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. {

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit i'
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed ?

Cbi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends ; and join for that ye
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me. Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious ;

id many unfrequented plots there are,
ted by kind for rape and villainy :
gle you thither then this dainty doe,
id strike her home by force, if not by words :
his way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
ome, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
villainy and vengeance consecrate,
ill we acquaint with all that we intend ;
nd she shall file our engines with advice,
hat will not suffer you to square yourselves,
it to your wishes' height advance you both.
he emperor's court is like the house of fame,
he palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
he woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
here speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :
here serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
nd revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas,* till I find the stream
o cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

or Styga, per manes uebor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns,
and cry of bounds, beard.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MAR-
CUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
he fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
ncouple here, and let us make a bay,
nd wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

C 4

And

And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully :
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
 BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and
 Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good !—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Baf. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chace,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.





Titus Andronicus.

Act 2. Scene 3.

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SCENE III.

*A desert part of the Forest.**Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[Hides the gold.]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise :
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,

And

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine :
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution ?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[Exit.]

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Baf. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperes,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holly groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperes,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Baf. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For faulciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baf. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long :
Good king ! to be so mightily abus'd !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is :

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew ;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
The ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora !
For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness ;
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that sure,
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee :
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi.

Cbi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself a t
tard ?

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now !)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain the
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless :—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent ;
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let
go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly creature !
The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall — —

Cbi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth :— Bring thou her
husband ; [Dragging off LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exit.
Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her sure :
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me :—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart.

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find them
here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou haft a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus;
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [Falls in.]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ? I know, thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chafe ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my w^c
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we mis's to meet him handsome*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;
Thou know'ſt our meaning : Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overbades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy laſting friends.
O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?
This is the pit, and thia the elder-tree :
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman ouſ,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold
[Sh

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [To Tit.] fell curs o
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life :—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tit. What, are they in this pit ? O wondrous
How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knees
I beg this boon, with tears nor lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, —

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highnes' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers;
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

The same.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd;
her bands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
 Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?—
 If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
 Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in ;
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain sturr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, soine Tereus hath defloured thee ;
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !
 And, notwithstanding all this los of blood,—
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?
 O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, the but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :

But,

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haft thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thirtician poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel thed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.*
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers? •
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished?
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectlesse use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me ; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou haft no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this :—
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece :—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee ;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand ;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent ; my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [Aside.]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [Aside.]
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;

If

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers ;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother speak with possibilities,
Ahd do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow ! .
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two beads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;

Thy

Thy grieves their sports, thy resolution mock'd :
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne !
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink th'reat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andronicus ;
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;
 Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah ! now no more will I control thy griefs :
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ! it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?

For

ese two heads do seem to speak to me ;
hreat me, I shall never come to bliss,
l these mischiefs be return'd again,
n their throats that have committed them.
let me see what task I have to do.—
eavy people, circle me about ;
[may turn me to each one of you,
wear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
ow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
n this hand the other will I bear :
a, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
ou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
art an exile, and thou must not stay :
the Goths, and raise an army there :
if you love me, as I think you do,
ciss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*

Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
oeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !
ell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,
ves his pledges dearer than his life.
ell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
ould thou were as thou 'fore haft been !
ow nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
oblivion, and hateful griefs.
cius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
ake proud Saturninus and his empress
the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
ill I to the Goths, and raise a power,
reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS
a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now fit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyranize upon my break;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?

A

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—
 To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk !
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
 Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good' grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments :
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heavinefs.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS* strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'ſt my heart ;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone ;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—

Ah, firrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exit.


ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandſire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why;—
Good uncle Marcus, see how ſwift ſhe comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lueius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these ſigns?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth ſhe mean;
Iee, Lucius, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Somewhither would ſhe have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelilia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Inleſs ſome fit or frenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Can mad through ſorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Das ist jau.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what me
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was
one

Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's g
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leav
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or flunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by
me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his
feet and mouth.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at laft,
What God will have discover'd for revenge;
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her
fists, and writes.

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

*Tit. Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelerum? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brase,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these fands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'l do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door ;
at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a
bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—

And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well :
 And so I leave you both, [Aside.] like bloody villains.

[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round about ?
 Let's see ;

Integer vita, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just ! — a verse in Horace ; — right, you have
 it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
 Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found their guilt ;
 And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
 It did me good, before the palace gate
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
 Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?
 Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
 At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Cbi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Cbi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside.* *Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Cbi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empres' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue;
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. Done ! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Cbi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Cbi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir !
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what ; ye fanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue :

For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
 Although she have them hourly in the flood.—
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
 This, before all the world, do I prefer ;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Cbi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Cbi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears :
 Fye, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart !
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer :
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father ;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords ; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light :
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you :

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:— [Stabbing her.
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physick,
[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This

This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I fee, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them ; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinsmen, this is the way :—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there strait :

Terras Astraea reliquit :—

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may find her in the sea ;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land :—
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth :
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition :
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully ;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy,
 Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ? Wh
 Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size :
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear :—
And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs :—
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—*Here, ad Apollinem* :—

Ad Martem, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—*Here, to Mercury* :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,

Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done !

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord ; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;

And

And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.
 Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letter ?
 Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken
 them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till
 the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with
 him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

Clo. From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came there : God
 forbid, I should be so bold to prefs to heaven in my young
 days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal
 plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and
 one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for
 your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the em-
 peror from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor
 with a grace ?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my
 life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado,
 But give your pigeons to the emperor :
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold,

Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haft thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou haft made it like an humble suppliant:—

And when thou haft given it to the emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me.

{*Exeunt.*}

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace

Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath paf'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'ſt conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose losſ hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

[Exit.]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'ft thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [SATURNINUS reads the letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter AEMILIUS.

What news with thee, Aemilius?

Aemil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
 These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
 'Tis he, the common people love so much ;
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not your city strong ?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius ;
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
 Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure flint their melody :
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador : [To *AEMILIUS*.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Aemilius*, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Aemil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit *AEMILIUS*.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exit *Tam.*]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronic
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he faith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in b

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
 I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
 The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace ! — even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly ; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
 Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ; not a word ?
 A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
 And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischiefs, treason ; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;
To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empr

Luc. O most infatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus :
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'ft.

Luc. O, detestable villain ! call'it thou that trimming ?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and
'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar.

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse,).

Wherein I did not some notorious ill :

As kill a man, or else devise his death ;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :

Set deadly enmity between two friends ;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears,

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly ;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil ; for he must not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire ;

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter AEMILIUS.

Welcome, Aemilius, what's the news from Rome?

Aemil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Aemilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome. Before Titus's House.

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus ;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And

And all my study be to no effect ?
 You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,
 See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;
 And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word : How can I grace my talk,
 Wanting a hand to give it action ?
 Thou haft the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with
 me.

Tit. I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :
 Witness this wretched stump, these ~~extrem~~son lines ;
 Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;
 Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud empress, mighty Tamora :
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
 I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death :
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
 No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
 Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
 Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
 And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
 And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
 Until his very downfal in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder ; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are !
 And you, the empress ! But we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee !
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus, from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :
 Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunsaing practice out of hand.

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'ft thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Cbi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wron
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
And when thou find'ft a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor ;
Well may'ft thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feasts at my house ; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy busines,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys ? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [Aside.
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;
And

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-bounds, and their dam. [Aside,

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit TAMORA.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,

I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON

and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; *she bearing a bason; and be a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud ;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :
My hand cut off, and made a merrily jest :
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two parties of your shameful heads ;
And bid that trumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

[He cuts their throats.]

Receive their blood : and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast,
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings :
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave ! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one ?

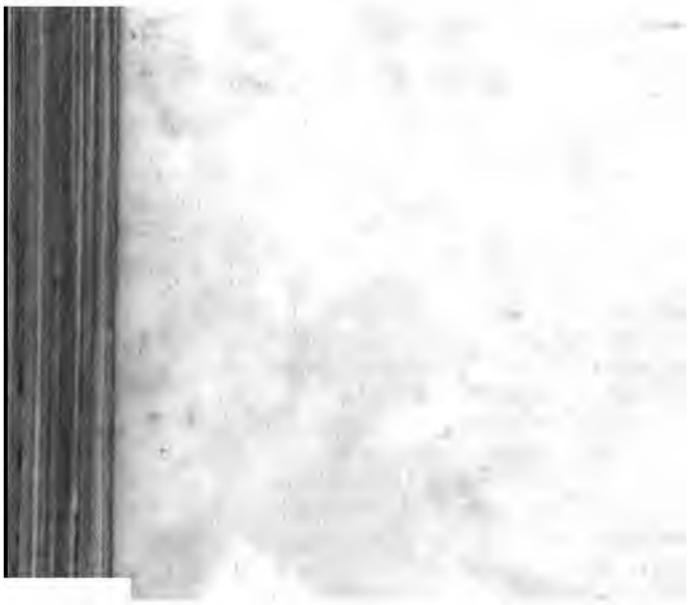
Luc.



Titus Andronicus.

Act. 5. Scene 3.

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Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle ;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, dress'd like a cook ; LAVINIA, veiled ; young LUCIUS, and Others. *TITUS places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all : although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empess.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this ;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was,
Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord !

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
 A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
 For me, most wretched, to perform the like :—
 Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA,*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
 I am as woful as Virginius was :
 And have a thousand times more cause than he
 To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ? will't please your highness
 feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :
 They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
 And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ;
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
 Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
 There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS.* A great tumult. The people in
 confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their par-
 tisans ascend the steps before Titus's house.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
 By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let

O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'ly to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To Lucius.*] as erst our
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Romè, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :
 And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,
 [Pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant.]
 Of this was Tamora delivered ;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
 Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak,

Speak, Romans, speak : and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [Several speak.] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal
emperor !

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;
[To an Attendant.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [Several speak.] Lucius, all hail ; Rome's gracious
governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come bither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers : Thy grandfire lov'd thee well :

Many

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe;
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
 'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
 Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
 I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
 I should repent the evils I have done;
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will;
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.]













